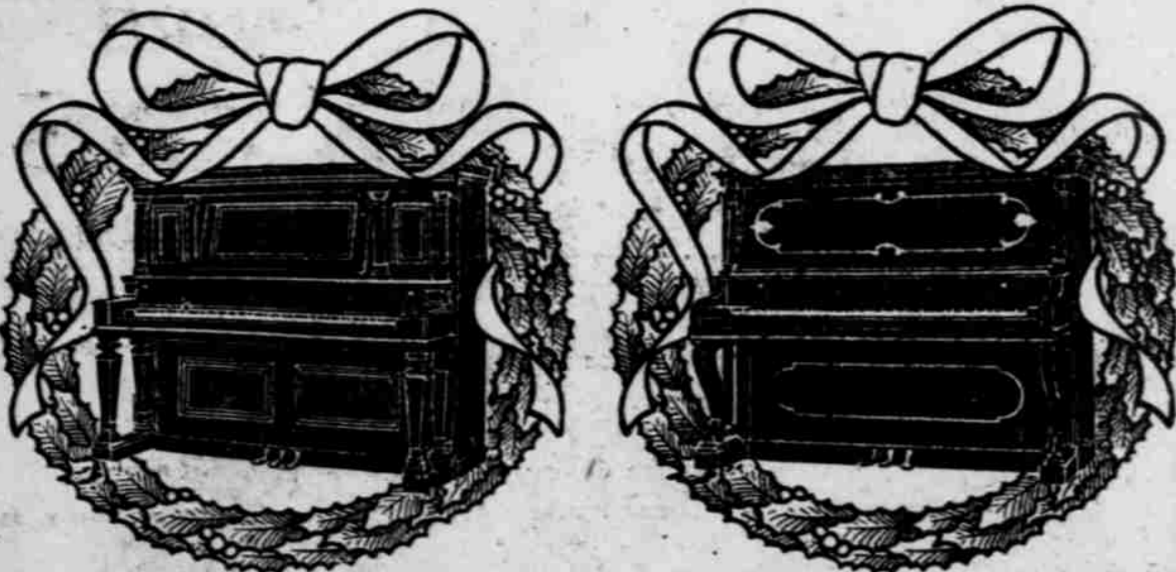


# Christmas Piano Proclamation



## WISSNER PIANOS

A pleasant surprise awaits Christmas piano buyers. Every one who contemplates purchasing a piano before Xmas will go to the nearest Wissner Store after reading this announcement. You will go—you'll want to see the most marvelous creations of piano craftsmen that have ever been placed on exhibition.

The Wissner House, with its many factory warerooms, does the biggest retail business in Greater New York and vicinity. A capable staff of designers is maintained for the sole purpose of creating new, snappy, up-to-date, exclusive styles in order that there shall always be a piano in our stock that will satisfy every taste and requirement.

The Wissner and other factories which supply the various Wissner warerooms are now making the first deliveries of Christmas pianos. They are marvels of the designer's art. They include every style of case design which will be in vogue the coming season. Some are large, massive and tastefully carved; others are magnificent in their simplicity and quiet grandeur, but all of them fairly radiate with the personality of their makers.

What is more appropriate for a Christmas present than a Piano unlike that of any of your friends?

### A Saving of \$50 to \$75 on Discontinued Styles

Several regular catalog styles are being dropped, and every one on our floors can be purchased while they last at reductions ranging from \$50 to \$75. The majority of these pianos are in plain mahogany cases. Well known pianos can be purchased from us this month for \$175 and upward—low as \$5 monthly.

### USED PIANO BARGAINS

There are any number of used pianos at the various Wissner Warerooms which can be purchased at prices ranging anywhere from \$85 up to \$285. Many are the most famous makes. Nearly all have been repaired at the Wissner Factories and are as good as new. ALL PIANOS SOLD ON THE EASY PAYMENT PLAN. NO INTEREST CHARGED. NO CHARGE FOR STORAGE. PIANOS FOR CHRISTMAS DELIVERY.

#### OPEN EVENINGS

### WISSNER WAREROOMS Broad & State Sts.

PIANOS  
Tuned,  
Repaired,  
Moved by  
Experts

New  
Pianos \$4  
Rented  
Monthly

## THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

(Continued from Page 14.)

I was not a little surprised, how-  
ever, and to believe that this time  
Hailmeyer had altered his usual tac-  
tics, and the unexpected arrival of  
Arthur Rance was to go far in lead-  
ing me to this conclusion. Instead of hiding  
himself, the bandit was showing him-  
self openly with an audacity that stag-  
gered belief. After all, what had he to  
fear in this part of the country? He  
was aware that neither Darzac nor his  
wife would be likely to denounce him.  
His bold revelation of his presence  
seemed to have but one end in view,  
that of ruining the happiness of the  
couple who had believed that his  
death had opened the way for their  
marriage.

"But now let me tell you of the news  
brought by Rance when he joined the  
three of us at Nice. He knew nothing  
of what had happened at Bourg, noth-  
ing of the appearance of Larsen or  
Mme. Darzac on the train and to be  
business in the station. But, if we had  
retained the slightest hope that we  
had lost Larsen on the road to Culoz,  
Rance's words obliterated it. And he  
had come to warn us.

"After taking you to the station,"  
said Rance to Darzac, "and the train  
had pulled out, your wife, Stangerson  
and myself thought that we would  
leave the carriage for a little while  
and take a stroll. Stangerson gave his  
arm to his daughter. I was at the  
right of M. Stangerson, who, there-  
fore, was walking between the two of  
us. Suddenly we paused to let a train  
pass. A man said to me, 'I beg  
your pardon, sir.' The voice made me  
tremble. I knew that it was Larsen.  
He cast a long, calm look upon us. I  
do not know how I kept from crying  
loud his miserable name. Happily  
Stangerson and Mme. Darzac had not  
seen him. I made them walk around  
the garden and listen to the music in  
the park, and then we returned to the  
carriage. Upon the sidewalk in front  
of the station there was Larsen. I  
cannot understand how Stangerson  
and Mme. Darzac could have helped  
out see him."

"Are you sure that they did not see  
him?" interrupted Darzac.  
"Yes, I felt him. We got  
into the carriage and ordered the  
coachman to drive as fast as he could.  
The man stood on the sidewalk, star-  
ing after us with his cruel eyes as we

"And you are certain that my wife  
did not see him?" repeated Darzac.

"But, good God, Darzac," interposed  
Roulettable, "how long do you think  
you can deceive your wife as to the  
fact that Larsen has reappeared and  
that she actually saw him? At the  
time you reached Garavan your wife  
sent me the telegram I am going to  
ask you to read." And he held out to  
M. Darzac the paper which bore the  
two words, "Save us."

Darzac read it, with whitened face.

"She'll go mad again," he said.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### The Castle of Horrors.

WHEN he alights at the Garavan  
station, whatever the season,  
the traveler might almost fan-  
cy himself in the garden of  
Hesperides, whose golden apples ex-  
cited the desire of the conqueror of  
the Semeion lion.

When, after alighting from the train,  
we came to the bank of the sea our  
eyes were struck by a dazzling sil-  
houette of a castle standing upon the  
peninsula of Hercules, which the  
works accomplished on the frontier  
have, alas, nearly destroyed. The ob-  
lique rays of the sun which were fall-  
ing upon the walls and the old square  
tower made the reflection of the tower  
glister in the waters like a breast-  
plate. The tower seemed to stand  
guard like an old sentinel over the  
bay of Garavan before us like a blue  
lake of fire.

Upon the lower steps of the stair-  
way which led to a tower was the  
charming figure of Arthur Rance's  
wife, who had been the beautiful  
Edith Prescott.

The voice of the young wife was her  
greatest charm, although the grace of  
her entire being was perfect. She  
greeted us in the simple fashion—the  
fashion of the ideal hostess, Roulet-  
table and myself made an effort to tell  
her that we had intended to look for  
a stopping place in the village. She  
lifted her shoulders with a gesture  
that was almost childish and said that  
our rooms were all ready for us.

"Come, come! You haven't seen the  
chateau. Oh, I will show you 'la  
Louve' another time. It is the only  
lovely corner in the place. It makes  
me shiver. But, do you know, I love  
to shiver! Oh, M. Roulettable, you'll

tell me stories that will make me  
shiver some day, won't you?"

And, chattering thus, she glided in  
front of us in her white gown. She  
made a singularly pretty picture in  
this garden of the orient between the  
threatening old tower and the carved  
stone flowers of the ruined chapel.

And at our left is the immense tower  
of the twelfth century, which, Mme.  
Edith tells us, the natives call "la  
Louve" and which neither time nor  
war nor tempest has been able to de-  
stroy. It is just as it appeared in  
1107, when the Saracens were able to  
make no headway in their attacks  
upon it. It was there that Mme. Edith  
had chosen to have her rooms. I  
stopped looking at the objects around  
us to look at the people. Arthur Rance  
was standing at Mme. Darzac when my  
eyes fell upon them, and Roulettable  
seemed to be lost in thought and far,  
far away from us all. Darzac and  
Stangerson were talking in low tones.  
The same thought was flitting the  
minds of each one of those people,  
both those who had seen and those  
who if they spoke were careful to say  
nothing which could give a clue to the  
thoughts.

We had passed through the postern  
and found ourselves in another court.  
Opposite us was the old donjon. Its  
appearance was more than impressive.  
It was high and square, and it was on  
account of its shape that it was  
known as the square tower. And as  
this tower occupies the most impor-  
tant corner of the fortification it was  
also known as the corner tower.

"That tower is the one in the opposite  
corner," went on Edith, "is the Tower  
of Charles the Bold, so called because  
he was the duke who furnished the  
plans which it became necessary to  
transform the defenses of the chateau  
so as to make them resist the attacks  
of the artillery. Old Bob has made  
this tower his study. I have never  
been able to refuse old Bob anything  
he wanted. Old Bob," she added, with  
a charming smile, "is my uncle. That  
is the name he taught me to call him  
by when I was a little thing. He went  
to Paris on the 5 o'clock train. He will  
be back tomorrow. Ah, here is an  
oulette!"

And she showed us in the center part  
of the second court a small shaft  
which she called romantically an ouil-  
lette and above which a eucalyptus  
tree, with its white blossoms and its  
leafless limbs, leaned like a woman  
over a fountain.

Since we had entered the second  
court we understood better—the top-

graphical plan of the Fort of Hercules.  
The castle had been built in 1140 by  
the seigneurs of Mortain. In order  
to isolate it completely from the land  
they had made an island of the penin-  
sula by cutting away the narrow isth-  
mus which connected it with the main-  
land. The isthmus in the course of  
the centuries had again resumed its  
old form, the drawbridge had been  
thrown down, and the trenches had  
filled up. The walls of the Chateau  
of Hercules followed the outline of  
the peninsula and were built upon the  
rocks, and the latter in some places  
extended over the waters in such a  
manner that a little ship might have  
taken shelter beneath them, fearing no  
enemy while thus protected. This  
building was marvelously well adapted  
for defense.

The fort was entered by way of the  
north gate, which guarded the two  
towers. A and A', connected by a pas-  
sageway. These towers, which had  
suffered greatly during the last sieges  
of the Genoese, had been repaired to  
some slight extent some time after-  
ward and had shortly before we came  
to Rochers Rouges been made habitable  
by Mrs. Rance, who used them as ser-  
vants' quarters. The front of the tower  
A served as the keeper's lodge. A  
little door opened in the side of the tower  
upon the passageway and enabled  
any one looking out to observe all those  
who came or went. The entrance to  
the castle was closed only by a little  
gate which any one might open at  
will. This entrance was the only one  
by which it was possible to get into  
the chateau. As I have said, in pass-  
ing through this gate one found him-  
self in the first court, closed in on all  
sides by the walls and the towers. As  
to the towers B, B' and B'', which had  
for a considerable time longer pre-  
served their uniformity and their first  
height and the pointed roofs of which  
had been replaced by a platform de-  
signed to support the artillery, they  
had later been raised to the height of  
the boulevard parapets, and their  
shape seemed almost like that of a  
half moon. The new castle on the plan  
is at C C'.

La Louve, as I have said, had not  
been changed at all, but still reared  
its dark bulk against the blue waters  
of the Mediterranean, a strange, weird  
figure, looking thousands of years old.  
I have spoken also of the ruins of the  
chapel. The ancient commons (shown  
on the map by W), near the parapet  
between B and B', had been transform-  
ed into the stables and the kitchens.

One could only penetrate into the  
second inclosure through the postern  
indicated by B, which, Mrs. Arthur  
Rance called "the tower of the gar-  
den" and which was actually only a  
pavilion, formerly defended by the  
tower B' and by another tower situ-  
ated at C and which had entirely dis-  
appeared at the time of the erection  
of the new castle (shown at C C'). A  
mont and a wall started from B' to  
abut on I at the Tower of Charles the  
Bold, advancing at C in the form of a  
spur to the midst of the first court  
and entirely isolating the court, which  
they completely closed in. The most  
still exists, wide and deep, but the

walls had been torn down all the  
length of the new castle and replaced  
by the walls of the castle itself.

The pavement of the inner court—the  
court of Charles the Bold, as the old  
guidebooks of the country call it—  
still was a little higher than that of  
the outer court. One could penetrate  
into the old castle only (designated  
by F) by a little door, K. The old in-  
habitants of the country never spoke  
of it except as the square tower, to  
distinguish it from the round tower,  
or the Tower of Charles the Bold, as  
they sometimes called the latter. A  
parapet similar to the one which  
closed in the outer court was built be-  
tween the towers B, F and L, closing  
the inner court as firmly as the outer.

We have seen that the round tower  
had been in years past torn down to  
half its former height.

This tower had a number of tiny  
chambers above and an immense octa-  
gonal chamber below. One descended  
into this chamber by a steep and nar-  
row stairway. The ceiling of the octa-  
gonal room was supported by four  
great cylindrical pillars, and from its  
walls opened three enormous embras-  
sures for three enormous cannons. It  
was of this room that Mme. Edith  
had wished to make a dining room.  
The great windows had been enlarged  
and made square, although they were  
still guarded by barriers of iron. This  
tower (shown on the map at L) was  
the spot chosen by Mme. Edith's uncle  
for a workshop and the abiding place  
of his collection.

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century, known as the new castle,  
they had only repaired two bedcham-  
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ready. There was no answer. I went  
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which opened, like my own, upon the  
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Standing erect at the prow of a little  
boat which a fisherman was rowing,  
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wonderfully resourceful and brilliant  
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Spend Your Money at the Sale that will Save You Money on Every Penny You Spend

# JACOBY'S UNPRECEDENTED DECEMBER SUIT SALE

BEGINS PROMPTLY AT 9 O'CLOCK  
SATURDAY MORNING  
(DECEMBER ELEVENTH)

A suit manufacturer's embarrassment through which  
we were able to buy hundreds of the most fashionable suits  
at a huge reduction combines with an end-of-the-year  
clean-up of our own extensive stocks in making this sale  
even a possibility.

\$10,000 Worth of Bargains for  
Prudent Men and Women

Overcoats, Furs,  
Everything Added

To Make This Sale the Greatest Ever Conducted



#### LADIES' SUITS, SKIRTS, ETC.

150 Ladies' Suits worth \$10.00 to \$25.00 ..... \$12.98  
50 Ladies' Suits worth \$12.98 to \$18.00 ..... \$7.98  
50 Ladies' Broadcloth and Panama Dresses worth \$12.98 to \$18.00 ..... \$7.98  
Skirts—Black Panama Skirts worth \$2.98 to \$4.98 ..... \$1.98  
Ladies' Fur Collar Coats in black, thibet and kersey, worth \$12.98 to \$18.00, during this sale ..... \$7.98  
Ladies' Long Black Broadcloth Coats, tight fitting, all lined with gray  
stain, plain or side plaited models, worth \$18.00 to \$20.00, during  
this sale ..... \$12.98

#### FUR SETS AND FUR COATS.

50 Sets of Brown and Black Furs, large pillow muffs and Scarf,  
worth \$2.98, during this sale ..... \$1.98  
Brown Opossum Sets, wide shawl collar, large muffs, worth \$12.98  
and \$15.00, during sale ..... \$7.98  
Natural Isabella Fur Sets, worth \$25.00, during sale ..... \$17.98  
Natural Black French Lynx Sets worth \$18.50 to \$29.00, during  
this sale ..... \$12.98  
Ladies' Natural Squirrel Set, large pillow muffs, long throw  
scarf, worth \$19.98, during this sale ..... \$5.98  
Black and Brown French Cony Coats worth \$49.00, during this  
sale ..... \$32.98  
Genuine Russian Pony Coats, handsomely lined, worth \$59.00  
to \$85.00, during sale ..... \$39.48  
Natural Mammoth Fur Coats 52 inches long, worth \$100.00, during  
this sale ..... \$69.00  
Ladies' Best Grade Black Caracul Coats, full length, worth \$27.50  
to \$35.00, during sale ..... \$19.48  
Ladies' Black Caracul Coats, three quarters length, worth \$15.00 to  
\$25.00, during sale ..... \$10.98

#### CHILDREN'S COATS AND FUR SETS.

Black Crushed Plush and Caracul Coats, sizes 8 to 14, worth up to  
\$12.98, during sale ..... \$7.98  
Children's Cloth Coats worth \$4.98 to \$6.98, during this sale, \$2.98  
Children's Heavy Broadcloth Coats in blue and garnet, worth \$7.98  
to \$10.00, during this sale ..... \$5.98  
Children's Fur Sets worth \$2.98 to \$5.50, during this sale ..... \$1.98

#### MEN'S SUITS.

Men's Suits in black Diagonal, thibet, blue peasdale, striped serge  
and the finest of worsteds in plain and mixed colors, suits that  
were made to retail at \$15.00 and \$18.00, about 200 in sale at  
\$7.98  
Another lot of Men's Suits which will readily convince you of be-  
ing a good value for you can secure during this sale for only  
\$10.98

#### MEN'S OVERCOATS.

Men's Overcoats in Black Melton and Irish Freeze, were made to  
sell at \$15.00, will be sold during this sale at ..... \$6.98  
Another lot of Men's Overcoats of Extra Fine Kersey Cloth in plain black  
and brown and fancy striped, regular \$25.00 value, during this  
sale ..... \$10.98  
Men's Fur Collar and Plush Lined Overcoats, worth \$27.50, during  
this sale ..... \$19.48

#### YOUTH'S OVERCOATS.

Youths' Overcoats in black, Irish Freeze, sizes from 13 to 16, regu-  
lar \$7.50 value, during this sale ..... \$3.98

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Men's black thibet working pants, worth \$1.50, during this sale ..... 75c  
Men's good Worsted Pants, worth \$2.50 and \$3.98, during this  
sale ..... \$1.98  
Boys' Suits worth \$2.75 to \$4.50, during this sale ..... \$1.48  
Men's Vests ..... 50c  
Men's Sweater Coats ..... 39c

# FRANK JACOBY 1206 Main St.

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wonderfully resourceful and brilliant  
secret service agent. The boat, silent  
as its motionless statue at the prow

passed between the windows of the  
square tower and to the shores of the  
Pointe de Garibaldi. The man stood  
erect, his arms folded, his face turned  
toward the tower, a diabolical appari-  
tion on the threshold of the night,  
which slowly crept up behind him and  
enveloped him in its shades.

When he had vanished I lowered my  
eyes and beheld two figures in the  
Court of Charles the Bold. They were  
near the little door of the square tower.  
One of these forms—the taller—  
was supporting the other and speak-  
ing in tones of entreaty. The smaller  
attempted to break away, as if to  
throw itself into the sea. I heard the  
voice of Mme. Darzac say:

"Be careful. It is a game of de-  
ceit. You shall not leave me this  
evening." Roulettable's voice answered:  
"He must land upon the bank. Let  
me hurry to the bank." Mathilde  
spoke again. Her voice was terrible  
to hear. "I forbid you to touch that  
man."

I descended to the court, where I  
found Roulettable alone. I spoke to  
him, but he did not answer. I went  
on into the outer court, and I saw  
Darzac coming toward me in greatest  
excitement. He called out:

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, I saw him," I replied.

"And she—my wife—do you know  
whether she saw him?"

"She saw him too. She was with  
Roulettable when he passed."

Robert Darzac was trembling like  
an aspen leaf. He told me that when  
he saw the boat and its passenger he  
had rushed like a madman to the  
shore, but that before he had reached  
the Pointe de Garibaldi the bark had  
disappeared as if by enchantment.  
Darzac left me and hurried away to  
seek Mathilde. But he returned  
gloomy and grieved. The door of his  
wife's apartment was locked, and she  
would not see him.

We remained together upon the ram-  
part gazing at the night which had  
carried Larsen away. In order to  
change the direction of his thoughts I  
asked him a few questions regarding  
the Rance household. He told me that,  
after the trial at Versailles, Rance had  
returned to Philadelphia, and then  
one evening at a family dinner party  
he had found himself seated beside a  
charming young girl who had interest-  
ed him at once by a display of inter-  
est in literature and art. Somewhat  
haughty, yet gentle and melancholy,  
she at once recalled to the young man  
the heroines of Walter Scott, who, he  
soon learned, was her favorite author.

From the first she attracted him  
strongly. But Rance had so far for-  
got himself as to drink too much wine.  
He never realized what his offense  
had been, but he knew that he must  
have committed some frightful breach  
of politeness when Miss Edith with  
heightened color, requested him not  
to address her again. Upon the mor-  
row he went to call on the young lady  
and entreated her pardon, swearing  
that he would never touch wine again.

Rance had already known Miss Pres-  
cott's uncle, the fine old man who bore  
the nickname of "Old Bob" and who  
was as celebrated for his adventures  
as an explorer as for his discoveries

as a sheep, but he had hunted many  
a tiger through the pampas of South  
America. He had spent half his life  
south of the Rio Negro among the  
Patagonians in seeking for the man  
of the tertiary period, or, at least, for  
his fossils—the man who must have  
been contemporaneous with the im-  
mense mammoths and mastodons. He  
generally returned from these expedi-  
tions with a respectable collection of  
bones and fossils and also with a rich  
display of skins of wild beasts, which  
showed that the old savant knew how  
to use more modern arms than the  
stone ax and bow and arrow.

All these details were given me later  
by Arthur Rance himself. He had  
been one of "Old Bob's" pupils, but  
had not seen him in many years until  
he made the acquaintance of Miss  
Edith.

Miss Edith, upon the occasion when  
Arthur Rance had been presented to  
her, had seemed somewhat more mel-  
ancholy than she usually was, because  
she had received disquieting news of  
her uncle. The latter for four years  
back had been absent in Patagonia.  
In his last letter he had told his niece  
that he was ill and that he feared that  
he should not live to see her again.

Three months later, however, having  
received another letter, she suddenly  
resolved to go all alone to South Amer-  
ica and join her uncle. During those  
three months important events had  
transpired. Miss Edith had been  
touched by the remorse of Arthur  
Rance, and when Miss Prescott de-  
parted for Patagonia no one was as-  
tonished to find that "Old Bob's" old  
pupil was going to accompany her. If  
the engagement was not officially an-  
nounced, it was because the pair pre-  
ferred to wait for the consent of the  
geologist. Miss Edith and Arthur  
Rance were met at St. Louis by the  
young woman's uncle, Rance, who  
had not seen him in years, declared to  
him that he had grown younger. When  
his niece informed him of her engage-  
ment the uncle manifested great de-  
light. The three returned to Philadel-  
phia for the wedding. Miss Edith had  
never been in France, and Arthur de-  
termined that their honeymoon should  
be spent there. And it was thus that  
they found, as will be told a little  
later, a scientific reason for locating  
in the neighborhood of Mentone, not  
exactly in France, but a hundred miles  
from the frontier, in Italy, at  
Rochers Rouges.

The gong had sounded for dinner,  
and Arthur Rance was coming to look  
for us, so we repaired to "la Louve."  
In the lower hall of which we were to  
dine. When we were all assembled  
Mme. Edith asked whether any of us  
had noticed a little boat which had  
made the circle of the fortress and in  
which a man was standing erect. The  
man's strange attitude had struck her,  
she said, then added:

"Oh, I know who it is, for I know  
the fisherman who rowed the boat.  
He is a great friend of 'Old Bob.'"

"Ah, then you know the fisherman,  
madame?" asked Roulettable.

(To Be Continued.)